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By H. Weston Taylor.

The Last Quarter

by

Kenneth Carlyle
Beatson.

IN TWO PARTS.

Part II.

BABE reported to the referee, and play was resumed. Danford had the ball. It was their third down and they had five yards to go; and as Babe crouched lightly at the extreme left end of the line, he had a presentiment that they were going to try to make them with that trick play.

He raced forward the instant the ball was passed. Then he knew his presentiment had been a true one, for the opposing team started to fall into that baffling formation. They did no more than start, however. Just when he thought the time ripe, Babe leaped into them, and the entire Danford backfield went down in an unsightly heap, with big Wilcox at the very bottom of it.

Danford was slow in lining up for the next play. The men seemed a little stunned at having their trick play foiled so completely. The St. Vincent's men, on the other hand, perked up wonderfully. Where a moment before they had slouched half-heartedly about their work, they now went at it with spirit and vigor.

Babe suddenly found himself a target for praise and compliments. There was scarcely a man on the team but had something pleasant to say. And best of all, Stumpy Hill came up and slapped him on the back.

"Mighty pretty work!" he said; and added doubtfully, "if—if you can only keep it up."

"Don't worry!" Babe snapped back. "I'll keep it up, all right."

Again that play was tried, and again Babe nipped it in the bud. Then St. Vincent's took the ball, Danford having failed to make the required ten yards.

Being within his own fifteen-yard line, Stumpy promptly punted. Wilcox received the punt and started back with it. Lowry was the first tackler to reach him; and as the two went to the ground, the ball slipped from beneath them and bounced crazily out of bounds.

Babe, who had been but a scant six feet behind Lowry, followed the ball. It would belong to the first one to reach it, and he meant to be that first one. Hearing the *thud, thud* of rival feet close behind, he dived blindly—and crashed into something that certainly was not a football.

Dazedly he got to his feet. He found that "something" to be a post of the fence which surrounded the field; and he found, also,

that his right shoulder was aching like a sore tooth.

Stumpy hurried over, an anxious look in his eyes.

"Hurt, Babe?" he asked.

"No," Babe said shortly, striving to keep the pain he felt from showing on his face. "I lost the ball, though."

"You shouldn't have lost it," criticised Stumpy, nettled by the boy's brusque manner. "If you'd kept your eyes open and watched where you were going, you'd have had it easy."

Babe thought his shoulder was only slightly sprained, and felt sure it would be all right in a minute. It wasn't, though. On the contrary, it was aching worse than ever. And it continued to ache worse and worse still.

Danford discarded their trick play, being evidently reconciled to the fact that Babe had solved it. They began using straight plays only. These straight plays did not meet with startling success, however. The first three of them netted a total of but five yards. Then an end run was sent around Babe's side of the line.

The tackle broke through and smashed the interference, leaving the runner unprotected. Babe closed in. When the runner was some five feet away he tackled. He was prepared for a shock as his injured shoulder met the other's knees, but he was scarcely prepared for such a shock as he experienced. It seemed as if his shoulder were being torn to shreds, and he could hardly hold the Danford's man's legs. He did hold them, though. He held them till the referee came up and shouted, "Down!"

St. Vincent's took the ball, ran it up the field some twenty yards, and lost it on a fumble. Then Danford directed another end run at Babe.

The boy tried his best to stop it. He gritted his teeth, dashed in, and threw himself headlong into the runner; but just when he should have closed his arms about the other's knees, the pain in his shoulder suddenly increased until it was almost unbearable. He relaxed—and the runner sped on for a twelve-yard gain.

Sick and ashamed, Babe arose from the ground. He was so dizzy he could scarcely stand, and he would have shouted for joy if he'd had the strength when the Danford captain called for "time out."

While he was resting, he glanced up to find Stumpy standing above him.

"What on earth happened, Babe?" the captain demanded. "Why didn't you tackle that fellow?"

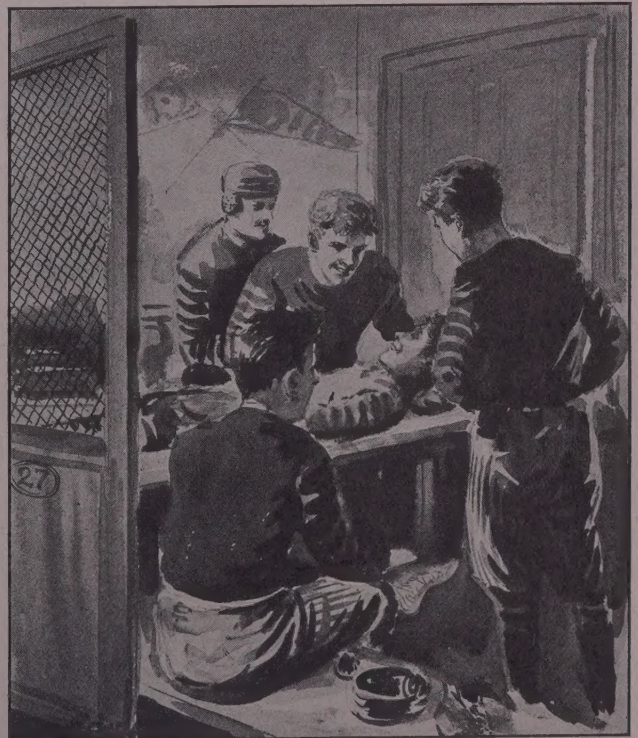
"I did tackle him," said Babe, speaking through clenched teeth. "My shoulder hurt so bad I couldn't hold him, though. I"—

"Your shoulder?" Stumpy raised his eyebrows skeptically. "What's the matter with your shoulder?"

"I hurt it that time I dived into the fence. I thought it was only a sprain, but it must be worse than that. I—I never knew anything could hurt the way it's hurting."

Stumpy rubbed his chin a moment.

"Do you want to quit, Babe?" he asked. "Do you want me to put a substitute in?"



"I—I stopped Wilcox, didn't I?"

"It isn't what I want to do," Babe answered; "it's what I think I ought to do. I can't put up any kind of a game with my shoulder aching like this, so"—He broke off suddenly, flushing scarlet. "Oh, I know what you think!" he exclaimed. "You think I've lost my nerve—that I'm falling down in a pinch, just like you said I would! If you only knew!"

"Well," Stumpy said patiently, ignoring the boy's outburst, "shall I call in a substitute?"

"What if they try that trick play again? Do you think you could break it up, after seeing me do it?"

"Yes, I guess I could. All you did was to dive in just as Wilcox got the ball from Hazzard, wasn't it?"

"Yes, but—Why can't you take my place when they've got the ball and let me play back as safety man—like you did that first night I played on the first team? There's only a minute or two more to play, and it's not likely anybody'll get through all of you."

"All right," Stumpy agreed, after a moment's hesitation.

When the game went on, Babe dropped back some twenty yards behind the others. Despondently he watched the teams line up. A signal was called and a play was started—and Babe caught his breath with a gasp. Dizzy as he was, he could not mistake that baffling formation. The Danford quarterback was using his trick play again!

The boy saw Stumpy race in, just as he had done, and poise for a dive. Then, just at the critical instant, he saw him hesitate—and fail utterly. Wilcox was finally stopped, but not till he had gained a full dozen yards.

Babe was puzzled. Danford was sure to use the play again, but he didn't know whether he ought to go up and offer to stop it or not. He wasn't sure that he could stop it, with his shoulder aching so horribly; and he wasn't sure, either, that his offer would be kindly received. Perhaps Stumpy would do better next time.

Stumpy didn't, though. He hesitated when he should have acted promptly, exactly as he had done before, and failed as completely.

Babe waited no longer. Fighting down a groan at every step, he hurried up and caught the captain's arm.

"Let me try it, Stumpy," he begged, his words coming jerkily through his white lips. "You're diving too late. If"—

Stumpy whirled about.

"Let you try it?" he repeated. "Why, you couldn't stop an ordinary end run a minute ago, so I don't see"—

"Well, I stopped this play before, didn't I? And I couldn't do any worse than you're doing, could I?"

"No," Stumpy said slowly, "I guess you couldn't. Another gain like that last one will cost us the game. Go ahead, then. Maybe they won't use the trick play again when they see you back here."

But they did use the trick play again. And Babe, gritting his teeth savagely, closed in to meet it. For one brief instant he thought he was going to fail. It seemed that he simply could not bring himself to slam his injured shoulder into Wilcox's wicked-looking knees. But before it was too late he gained control of himself and dived; and as the Danford backs crashed down about him, he heard the official's whistle announce the end of the game.

For a while after that things seemed strangely blurred and distorted. The boy

was vaguely conscious that some one was helping him off the field, but he had no idea who it was. When he became himself again, he was lying on a rubbing-table in the dressing-room and Stumpy Hill was bending over him.

"What—what's the matter?" he asked blankly.

"Torn ligament," answered Stumpy. "Uncle Davis says it's more painful than a broken bone, but not at all serious. You'll be all right in ten days or so."

A confused memory of the finish of the game came to Babe.

"I—I stopped Wilcox, didn't I?" he said anxiously.

"You certainly did. You dived into him with that hurt shoulder as unconcerned as if you'd been diving into a swimming tank. You—you've got an apology coming, Babe. When the pinch came, I was the one to fall down."

"You just didn't know when to dive, that was all. You"—

"No, that wasn't all. I knew pretty well when to dive, but I couldn't bring myself to dive quick enough. I'd look at Wilcox, and he'd seem so big and bulky that I simply couldn't help but hesitate a little before smashing into him. And then it'd be too late."

For a moment neither spoke.

"Where's Quigley?" Babe asked finally when the silence began to be awkward.

"The last I saw of him he was outside warning a bunch of reporters that if they didn't give that last play of yours at least a half-column write-up they'd never get inside the field again. And the reporters weren't arguing with him, either."

Babe Berger forgot about his aching shoulder and grinned happily up at the ceiling.

Winter Glory.

ALL beautiful the march of days,
As seasons come and go:
The Hand that shaped the rose hath wrought
The crystal of the snow,
Hath sent the hoary rood of heaven,
The flowing waters sealed,
And laid a silent loveliness
On hill and wood and field.

O'er white expanses sparkling pure
The radiant morns unfold;
The solemn splendors of the night
Burn brighter through the cold.
Life mounts in every throbbing vein,
Love deepens round the hearth,
And clearer sounds the angel-hymn,
"Good-will to men on earth!"

O glory of the winter-land!
O peace of Nature's rest!
And sweet the dream of coming Spring
That stirs within her breast.
On move the Resurrection hours,
The Easter heralds throng,—
Till sudden bursts the miracle
Of blossom and of song!

FRANCES W. WILE,
in "The Little Child at the Breakfast Table."

"Smile. It's painless," is a sign over several of the "Zone" shows at the San Francisco Exposition. But nobody ever frowned that it didn't hurt either the frowner or the frowned upon.

ROBERT E. SPEER.

A Rally Day Celebration.

BY GRACE W. MITCHELL.

FOR several years we have held a Rally Day in the Sunday school of the First Unitarian Church in Pittsburgh. This year we made a decided change in our Rally Day exercises. Instead of the customary review of the year's study given in a brief résumé by one or more members of each class, we had as the central idea a living over in memory the festival days of the year, bringing out the significance of each. The superintendent spoke briefly of All Saints' Day, Thanksgiving, Christmas, and Easter, and as he described each in turn the Sunday school sang a song which had been sung at each festival during the year. One verse only of each song was sung, that the children would not feel that it was really Christmas or Easter, but merely a suggestion of each.

The usual promotion of the Beginners Department into the Primary class took place, with the giving of the children's first diplomas. Faithfulness in attendance was given recognition both to individuals and to the class having the highest average.

Banners of white, with gold lettering, were given four pupils for perfect attendance for the entire year. Smaller banners, with blue lettering, were given those whose average was not less than ninety. The class song of the banner class for the year was sung by the whole school.

With this review of the passing year, we combined the thought of a new year in the unfolding of new life. The story of Narcissus was delightfully told, and to each pupil as he passed out were given two narcissus bulbs, wrapped in the autumn shades of crêpe paper and tied with raffia, with directions enclosed, telling that with proper care the delicate, sweet-scented flowers would bloom for our Thanksgiving festival.

Suggestion for a Christmas Exercise.

A CHRISTMAS exercise which was used very successfully in my kindergarten last year was sung to the music of the "Tinkers' Chorus" from DeKoven's "Robin Hood."

Six small boys with painted caps of brown cambric and brown jackets were supplied with tiny hammers (borrowed from the 5 and 10 cent store), and each had a different toy—an engine, small wagon, horse, blocks, etc.

They stood quietly during the singing of the verse, except for a bow at the words, "for you, dears." During the chorus they kept time with their hammers to the rhythm. The words were as follows:

Oh, we are Santa's brownies bright,
Here in a little line, dears.
We work, work, work, from morning until night,
Making toys for you, dears.

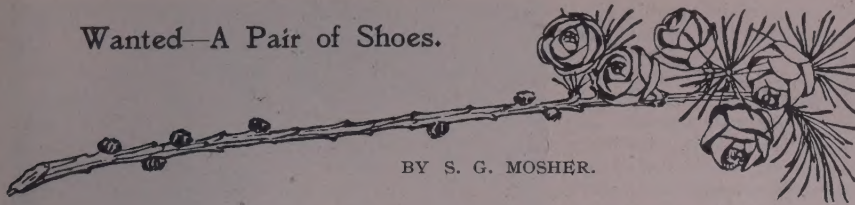
Chorus.

Tink tank, tink tank, tink-a-tank-a-tink tank,
Hear our hammers ring.
We work, work, work, from morning until night,
And while we work, we sing!

The chorus was sung twice and whistled the third time with the accompaniment of the blows of the hammers, and was very effective.

MARY GARDNER,
in *The Kindergarten Review*.

Wanted—A Pair of Shoes.



BY S. G. MOSHER.

"IF I can't dress like the other girls, I shan't sing in the cantata at all," exclaimed Jessie, frowning.

"But even if we could afford to get the white kid shoes for you, I should not wish to do so," said Mrs. Thorpe. "School girls should dress plainly. I am making you a new white organdy for the concert, and your canvas shoes will go with that perfectly well, and be more suitable than kid ones."

"Elsie McBride is getting white kid slippers," Elsie persisted, pouting, "and May Janis is to have white satin pumps."

"If you once begin to emulate your neighbors in the matter of dress, I'm afraid you'll never be content," her mother answered, as she placidly threaded her needle. "What is Edna Atkinson going to wear?"

Edna's father was one of the leading business men of the town, and the Atkinsons lived in a beautiful home in the most fashionable section.

"Edna didn't tell us, mother, but May Janis said that last week she saw Mrs. Atkinson in Robinson's store, and she was buying a dress length of lovely satin, and white kid pumps with rhinestone buckles. Edna is to sing a solo, you know."

"Well, I am sorry you feel as you do, Jessie," Mrs. Thorpe said. "I thought that since this concert was in aid of the Chinese mission school which our church helps to support, you would want to do all you could for it. I think that even if you had the money to buy new shoes, it would be a Christian act to wear your old ones and give the extra money to the mission."

Jessie said nothing more, but she looked very unsettled as she gathered up her books and set off for school.

That afternoon, as she was walking home with Ethel Bruce and May Janis, May made them stop to look at the windows of Robinson's store. "Isn't that pink satin dress sweet?" she cried. "I meant to make mother get me something like that for the cantata, and then Miss Blakely had to spoil my plans by making us all wear white. Mean old thing!"

"I think Miss Blakely is perfectly right," said Ethel, quietly. "Some of the girls could not afford a new dress, and of course we all have white dresses of some sort. What shall you wear, Jessie?"

"I'm getting a white organdy," said Jessie, briefly.

"I'm going to wear my old white lawn," Ethel continued. "Father said he would try to get me a new dress, but I did so want to have another quarter's German lessons from Miss Bobke, and I knew he couldn't afford both."

"Well, I made mother get me a white lace dress," said May, complacently. "I would rather have had a pink satin, for I need something to wear to parties this winter."

Jessie said nothing; she was wondering if there was no way she could earn some

money. It was still six weeks to the date of the concert—if only she could think of a way to earn three dollars!

"Bob, how can I earn three dollars?" she asked her brother that evening. The two were alone in the sitting-room, their parents having gone to a concert.

"Is that a puzzle?" Bob asked, looking up from the pages of his geography. "I say, Jessie, speaking of puzzles, there's one in the *Home Monthly* that I wish you would look at. 'Buried Cities' it is called, and you are so good at geography. I hate to give it up, but I've been puzzling over it for several days."

"Why, it's easy," Jessie said, as she glanced at the magazine he handed her. "The first city is Riga, the second Calcutta. The third—hm—the third is harder, but I'll soon make it out. I never noticed this puzzle page before, though we have been getting the magazine for several months. Oh, look here, Bob!" she cried.

"Well, what is it?" her brother asked calmly.

"A prize of ten dollars for the best solution of the puzzles on this page," Jessie read. "'Five dollars for the second best, and ten prizes of one dollar each for the ten next best answers.' Oh, Bob, let's try for a prize!"

"When is the time up?" asked Bob, practically.

"Let me see. To-morrow! We've got to make them out to-night if we want to win a prize this month. Well, I might get the two geographical ones, and the riddle, and perhaps the acrostic. But I can't do a thing with those arithmetical ones."

"But I can," said Bob, confidently, as he glanced at them. "Let's collaborate."

"What's that?" Jessie asked.

"And you in the eighth grade!" Bob teased.

"To collaborate means that two or more people share the work—and the profits."

"Would that be fair, Bob?"

"I think so. Let's see the rules. Yes, it says, 'Members of one family may collaborate, in which case, if a prize is won, the money will be equally divided among the collaborators.' There! Let's get to work."

Time slipped by fast as they bent over their task. "I've got the last one," cried Bob, straightening up at last. "What! Five minutes after ten, and there's father and mother on the doorstep. I say, Jessie, let's not say anything to them until we see whether we get a prize."

"All right," Jessie answered, as Mr. Thorpe entered the room.

"Time you were in bed, children," their mother said.

"Just going, mother," Bob replied, as he gathered up his books.

The prize winners were to be announced in a month's time, but as five weeks went by without any news, Jessie began to lose heart. All this time she had been practicing with the other girls, and she now felt that

she could not honorably withdraw from the choir within three days of the concert.

"I suppose I'll have to wear my old shoes after all," she thought. Somehow the matter did not seem so important as it had a month ago. Suddenly she heard Bob calling her.

"I say, Jessie," he said, "here's a letter addressed to us, from the *Home Monthly*. I'll let you open it."

Jessie tore the envelope open, and stood for a moment staring at the slips of blue paper in her hand. "Oh, Bob," she faltered at last, "we've won the first prize—the ten-dollar prize!"

"Hurrah!" shouted Bob, seizing his sister and whirling her around the room. "Nothing like trying, is there?"

"There's five dollars for each of us," Jessie said, when she got her breath again. "What are you going to do with yours, Bob?"

"I guess I don't have to think long about that. Have you forgotten that day after to-morrow is mother's birthday? I'm going to get her a new dress; it's a shame how shabby she is this year. She needs shoes, too, the worst way; but I suppose I can't get both."

"Well, I guess not!" Jessie flashed. "You're not mother's only child! Oh, I know I'm selfish and thoughtless; I did forget that mother's birthday was so near. I tell you what we'll do, Bob. Let's give the ten dollars to Aunt Kate, and ask her to buy shoes and a dress length for mother. She will know what size to get, and just what mother likes."

When Jessie and Bob watched their mother's face when she unwrapped their parcels on her birthday, they quite realized the truth of the saying that it is more blessed to give than to receive.

"You dears!" Mrs. Thorpe cried. "I was wondering if I could possibly manage to buy myself a pair of shoes this month. What stylish ones these are! And how prettily this brown foulard will make up! You have shown very good taste in the selection."

"That was Aunt Kate," Jessie admitted, flushing. "I haven't as much faith in my own taste as I used to have, mother."

"I am glad you won a prize," Mrs. Thorpe continued, when Bob had told her the history of the ten dollars; "but gladder still that you should be so unselfish as to spend it all on your mother. What about those kid slippers you wanted, Jessie?"

"Oh, mother," Jessie begged, "please never speak of them again. I had been listening to that silly May Janis until I thought that dress was the most important thing in the world. But I've more sense, really. Why, Ethel Bruce isn't even going to get a new dress. She says she needs German lessons more."

"I'm glad you have come to look at things in a more sensible way," said Mrs. Thorpe, quietly.

On the evening of the concert Jessie and Edna Atkinson reached the cloak-room at the same time. "How nice you look, Jessie," Edna said, as they took off their wraps. "Isn't that a new dress?"

"Yes, mother made it," said Jessie.

"Mother thought I didn't need a new dress," Edna continued, "because I wore this one only a few times last summer."

"You look very nice, Edna," her friend replied; "but May Janis said you were going to wear a white satin dress, and white satin pumps with big rhinestone buckles."

"What!" Edna cried, astonished. "Why,

Jessie, my mother wouldn't let me wear such things; I am much too young."

"May said that she saw your mother buying the things in Robinson's store," Jessie explained.

"Oh, I see now," Edna laughed. "Why, those things were for Aunt Julia, mother's youngest sister. She was married last month and mother gave her her wedding dress."

"Oh!" said Jessie, slowly. "After all, mothers usually know best, don't they, Edna?"

The Ragman.

BY ABBIE FARWELL BROWN.

THE Ragman, the Ragman,
He prowls along the street,
A pack of rags upon his back,
Shoe-rags upon his feet,
And bawls in accents far from sweet:
"Ra! O' ra-a-a!"

The Ragman, the Ragman,
His cap is all of rags,
And when he shakes his ragged hair
His ragged beard he wags.
And raggedly along he lags,—
"An-yol' bot'?"

The Ragman, the Ragman,
He goes his ragged ways,
And bawls a strange and ragged song
As through the street he strays.
I cannot tell a word he says!—
"Ya! Bo! Ya!"

The Ragman, the Ragman,
His very words are rags,
All tattered, frayed-out syllables,
All vowel-shreds and tags;
And yet his bawling never flags,—
"Ra! O' ra!"

When Gordon was Grateful.

BY HELEN WARD BANKS.

"AND so," said Mrs. Campbell, snipping her thread as she finished her fifty-first buttonhole, "of all the flowers my mother used to grow, the sunflowers were my favorites."

Gordon stirred restlessly on his cot. "I wish I could see a row of big yellow sunflowers against the blue sky like when you were a little girl and lived in the country. We love flowers, mother, don't we? and I haven't seen one since the geranium died."

"I wish I could buy them for you, honey, but you know our way is to be grateful for what we have instead of fretting about what we haven't. I'm grateful I can pay for food in these hard times; and we're grateful that Patsy comes to see you every day; and we're very very grateful that if you have to keep quiet a bit till your leg mends, you don't have to stay always in bed."

"I hate bed," Gordon protested, "and I'm tired of looking at the fire-escape with that old geranium pot on it. I wish I could see flowers grow."

"If we can't grow them in flower-gardens, let's plant them in our hearts," laughed Mrs. Campbell. "The sure way to get ready for new blessings is to be grateful for those we have. Now listen till I tell you what I saw the other day at Miss Dutton's when I went to do her mending."

"She lives in the big place just on State Street," said Gordon.

"Yes, in her grandfather's house, and she keeps the big garden although the city has grown up around it. My lunch was served me by the dining-room window, and there, on a long shelf outside, were a dozen birds lunching too; they were mostly chickadees, gay and fearless as if they had been in the woods. They have found a shelter in the thick evergreens in Miss Dutton's garden, and they like her lunch table."

"What did they have to eat?"

"Peanuts and grain and sunflower seeds; the chickadees like those."

"Do you suppose I could see that garden some time when the summer comes?" asked Gordon. Then he added excitedly, "Oh, mother, what's that?"

On the edge of the empty geranium pot on the fire-escape perched a tiny gray-coated bird with a black cap and buff waistcoat. At that moment Patsy burst into the room for his daily visit, and the little bird flew away, crying "chick-a-dee-dee-dee."

"I never saw a chickadee in the city before," exclaimed Mrs. Campbell. "See, he dropped his supper, poor little chap, when Patsy frightened him."

"Sure he'll come back for it," asserted Patsy, comfortably.

But, though they watched for a week, the chickadee did not come back. He found the Dutton feeding-table a better dining-room than the Campbell fire-escape.

"I wish he would come again," sighed Gordon one night.

"But we're glad to have seen him once, aren't we?" Mrs. Campbell answered. "And see the big red carnation I have for you, honey. Sniff it while I get supper."

Gordon took it with a smile and held it while his mother got supper. It did not take long, for it was just two bowls of bread and milk.

"Why don't you have tea any more?" Gordon asked.

"Can't you spare me some of your milk for a while?" she laughed.

"But don't you like tea better?"

"The milk costs less and is more nourishing. I like it."

But while his mother cleared away and sat down to sew, Gordon watched her bright, patient face.

"Mother," he said suddenly, "I can sit up almost straight now. I'd like to learn to make buttonholes."

"You make buttonholes?" Mrs. Campbell repeated.

Gordon laughed. "You needn't look so astonished. I've been thinking about you, mother, since supper, and you make me ashamed. I'm going to stop fretting now because I have to keep quiet these next weeks, and I'm sure if you'll teach me, I really can help you. I think I know how already; I've seen you make so many."

"I'm sure you can learn," his mother said, and set to work to teach him.

Gordon soon learned to make the coarser



By Wm. S. Rice.

"One of the flowers for which Gordon was grateful."

kind of buttonholes well enough to be paid for it. Every penny that came to him, he put into a little box that he kept under his bed.

The days went more quickly when he began to smile instead of frown, and his leg began to mend faster. He and Patsy counted the penny-box every day.

"I know what you're going to buy," grinned Patsy, "flowers."

"That's where you're wrong," Gordon contradicted. "I'm going to buy tea for my mother."

"Gee!" exclaimed Patsy, but added, "She's worth it."

Mrs. Campbell came in just then. "It's such a wonderful spring day, Gordon," she said, "that I'm going to move your cot over by the window,—if Patsy will help me,—where you'll get more light and air."

"And a view of the geranium pot," laughed Gordon. "It is nicer. Oh, mother, look! something is growing in the pot."

Mrs. Campbell bent out to look. "It surely is a sunflower seedling. Miss Dutton's chickadee must have planted it for us."

"Will it grow and blossom?" demanded Gordon. "Can I see the yellow sunflower against the blue sky?"

"We'll do our best to make it. I'll plant it a little deeper, and we'll water it. It will have morning sun and afternoon shade. I don't know why it shouldn't prosper."

Every day after that Gordon watched the sunflower push up its stalk and send out leaves. His mother reported all the wonderful flowers appearing in succession in Miss Dutton's garden, where she went once a week, and Gordon liked listening better than hearing a fairy story; but after all nothing was quite so interesting as his own little plant, which was growing like Jack's bean-stalk.

(Continued on p. 53.)

For the Quiet Hour.

Be ye followers of God as dear children.
Bible.

Like a cradle rocking, rocking,
Silent, peaceful, to and fro,
Like a mother's sweet looks dropping
On the little face below,—
Hangs the green earth swinging, turning,
Jarless, noiseless, safe and slow:
Falls the light of God's face bending
Down and watching us below.
And as feeble babes that suffer,
Toss and cry, and will not rest
Are the ones the tender mother
Holds the closest, loves the best,—
So when we are weak and wretched,
By our sins weighed down, distressed,
Then it is that God's great patience
Holds us closest, loves us best.

Saxe Holm.

Prayer.

BY REV. GEORGE KENT, FIRST UNITARIAN
CHURCH, NEW ORLEANS, LA.

OUR Father, we are glad as we feel ourselves to be thy children. We want to be, with all our hearts. We are learning a little every day what it means to be children in our own homes. So, too, we would learn to be children in this greater home of earth and sky and ever-growing life. We will do our brave and faithful part in it, along with thee, helping to make it, more and more, the home of good-will, and honest work, and hope and happiness for all. Thou wilt be with us as we grow into such men and women as the world-home needs. And it will be the sunlight on our way, the star-lit sky in our darkness, to feel that we children, with thee, our Father, own the home together, and are living and loving and working together, to make it a home for us all. Amen.

Uncle Si's Sermon on Making the Most of Things.

BY HEWES LANCASTER.

LITTLE chillun, you done hear how some folks on dis here yearth am prosperous, and how some ain't. Lo and behold, yo' old uncle's gwine tell you jest how dat-ar come to pass.

One day de Lord God was er-looking down on de world He done made, er-watching to see how hit was er-coming on, and He spy a man down-dar who was er-whistling and er-singing while all de men eround him was er-talking hard time and er-sighing in dere souls.

So de Lord summoned His holy angel and commanded her, saying:

"Go on down yander and spy round dat man and find out how-come he is er-singing while all de yother men am er-talking hard times and er-sighing in dere souls."

De holy angel fly down to yearth and shet up her wings and stand round dat man, and she seed how he was er-taking a little bit of strength he had left over after his day's work, and a little bit of sense he had to spar, and dat he was er-putting dat scrap of strength to work on a little piece of ground dat 'peared to be jest sort of left over from some-whar and er-using his scrap of sense to sow a little handful of seed that some yother man had done thro'd away. And she axed de man:

"What-all am you er-aiming to make wid dese here scraps, brother?"

De man raise himself and laughed:

"Lord bress yo' kind heart," says he. "Ise gwine take dese here scraps and make a patch of greens. 'Pears like a persons of yo' merits would know hit takes a mighty little piece of pork to make a big dinner for a family if dere's a nice patch of greens er-growing in de back yard."

When he had spoken dat-ar truth de man bowed to his work—'cause he didn't have no time to spar, but de holy angel 'peared to be doubtful and she axed him yet again:

"You 'low you gwine have ernough wid dese here scraps to make a patch of greens?"

De man laughed.

"Lord bress you, Sister, any man dat makes de most of what he's got is allus gwine have ernough. Dat ain't no secret."

De angel fly back to heaven and bow down before de throne and she say:

"Lord, dat man yander am a prosperous man 'cause he is all de time making de most of what he's got."

Now when de Lord God had received de words of His angel, He 'flected a long time and He 'lowed how He had made man to be happy and gin him all he needed—if only he'd made de most of hit. And de Lord 'lowed also how ever since man had been made he had been er-neglecting what he had and er-praying for mo'. And when he had 'flected on dat, hit sho made de Lord proud to 'member dat dere was one man on de yearth so busy er-making de most of what he had dat he didn't have no time to pray for mo'.

And I say unto you, little chillun, as it was wid dat man so hit's gwine be wid ebbery last one of you. If you make de most of yo' time, you allus gwine have time ernough; if you make de most of yo' sense, you gwine have sense ernough; if you make de most of yo' strength, you gwine have strength ernough; and if you make de most of yo' money, you ain't gwine have no cause to talk hard times.

As de man said unto de angel: "Hit ain't no secret." De man dat makes de most of what he's got is sho gwine be a prosperous man. And de little child dat makes de most of de smiles hit's got, de most of de pleasant words hit's got, is sho gwine have ernough smiles and ernough pleasant words to make ebberybody say:

"God bless dat happy little heart."

Free Gifts.

DID you ever think, in this happy world,
How many things are free;

How many things that are dear and sweet

Are ready for you and me?

They do not charge to wade in the brook,

Or drink from the bubbling spring;

The birds sing songs that are free to all,

And the blossoms their perfume fling.

The warm rains water the garden beds,

And the kindly snow provides

A host of pleasures in winter-time,

With snowballs, coasts, and rides.

The stars and the moon light up the dark,

And the wayside tree gives shade.

Oh, how many gifts are free to us all

In this beautiful world God made!

A. W. McCULLOUGH,
in *Youth's Companion*.

(Continued from p. 52.)

By and by at the top came a green knob of a bud; day by day the bud grew yellower and bigger until on one sunny summer day it opened out wide and stood high up above the fire-escape, a big yellow disc against the cloudless blue sky. Gordon could not make any buttonholes that day,—he was too excited,—but he sent Patsy off with the penny-box and Patsy brought back half a pound of tea.

When Mrs. Campbell came home that night, she found Gordon beaming and the sunflower glowing.

"It's as handsome as any my mother ever grew," she said, "and what company it will be to you, little son, when I'm away. I'm going to sew for Miss Dutton to-morrow, and I'll tell her how her chickadee brought you your heart's desire."

"I am very grateful for that flower, mother," Gordon said, "and I'm grateful that Miss Dutton has a lovely garden even if I can't see it. And I'm grateful for that little bird, and I'm going to dry some of my sunflower seed for it. But most of all, mother, I'm grateful for you, and I've bought you a present out of my buttonhole money."

"Oh, my little lad, my little lad!" mother said with her arms around him, and Gordon could not tell whether she was laughing or crying. But he knew that she liked her present.

Mrs. Campbell went off the next morning to Miss Dutton's and Gordon stayed with his sunflower. He thought a good deal about Miss Dutton's garden and wondered how it would seem to have long beds full of flowers to tend and love.

At half-past five he heard his mother coming upstairs. She was not coming slowly as she came when she was tired; she was almost running. When she opened the door, her face was as gay as the sunflower.

"Oh, little son, little son!" she cried. "What do you think the chickadee has done for us now? Miss Dutton asked so many questions when I told her about her bird, and she wants you, when you're able, to work under her gardener. She has been looking a long time for a boy who really loves flowers. And we're to live on the place in the little cottage the gardener moved out of when his family got too big. Think of it, Gordon, you and me living among those birds and trees and flowers. And we can plant our own vegetables. You can give your sunflower to Patsy, for now you can have rows of them if you want to."

Gordon's eyes were as blue and bright as his mother's. "Oh, mother!" he cried, "isn't it good that we learned to be grateful for the little things, for if we weren't in the habit of it, I think this big bunch would make us burst."

Old Father Winter.

Old Father Winter's here again,

Hale and hearty and full of glee;

He is bringing the ancient blustering train

That do his bidding on land and sea.

Gales that roar from the frozen north;

Sleet that cuts like the sting of a lash;

Fleece that flies from the four winds forth,

Storms that over the forest crash.

M. E. Sangster.



Kite Day.

BY EDWARD T. MARTIN.

THE Japanese are great flyers of kites, as in fact are all Orientals. In Japan Kite Day is celebrated much in the same manner as is our Fourth of July: a holiday with general merry-making and flying of kites of all shapes and sizes, then at night a lavish display of lanterns and fireworks. No boy so poor but he must have his kite. No man so rich and dignified that he can be excused from participating in the festivities of the day.

At the San Francisco Exposition a Kite Day celebration was held with competition for prizes open to all: Japanese, Chinese, American. Several hundred kites were entered and it was a battle royal between white youths and yellow for first honors. Everything, from fouling an opponent's line to wrecking his kite, was permitted, and some of the battles were not confined to the air.

When the awards were made Japan led all the rest. The owl kite and the one in the center of the picture both won prizes.

The Silk Hat Legacy.

BY FRANK B. McALLISTER.

ARTHUR and Charlie turned out of Uncle Nat Trull's gate ready to snicker at the interview they had just had.

"Take good care of it now, Artie, and don't ever give it away," the old gentleman called after them as they left the yard.

Arthur carried a round, long package hastily done up in newspaper, but Charlie's hands were empty, and in his pockets. He looked not only amused, but a little contemptuous. He shut the gate with some unnecessary energy.

"What's he trying to load that old stuff on us for, Art?" he grumbled when they were out of earshot. "I wouldn't lug home that rusty, moth-eaten old coat even if uncle did wear it to Aunt Sue's wedding some time back in the dark ages. Why should I want it?"

"I didn't really want this old hat," Arthur admitted; "but uncle seemed to want me to take it. He's old and a little queer all right, I guess, but good-hearted as can be. I couldn't bear to hurt his feelings. I thought he looked a good deal disappointed when you said you didn't want the coat."

"If he'll ever give us anything worth carrying off, I'll take it fast enough, but I'm no junk man," Charlie rejoined. "I'm not going to lug home rubbish. Besides, mother wouldn't give it house-room."

It must be admitted that Uncle Nat was a bit "queer," as Arthur had said. The old

gentleman lived in a somewhat dilapidated house on the outskirts of the village, all alone save for two splendid tiger cats that were his intimate companions. He worked in his garden, tended a flock of hens, and kept on excellent terms with his neighbors. His wants were few and easily supplied, and he was wholly independent. It was said by the older people that Uncle Nat had been well off once, but that, years ago, his money had gone, no one knew just how. Some said that a bank where he had kept it had failed, and had left him poor. At any rate, he never patronized banks now.

His nephews, Arthur Stoughton and Charlie Saunders, sons of his two sisters, were his favorites in the village, if he could be said to have any favorites. Once a week the boys went out to help him in any way they could. He was always glad to see them, and there were generally some little jobs for them to do; but beyond fruit from his trees and strawberries in season from the little patch behind the house, he gave them nothing. Uncle Nat seemed a little chary about making presents. It appeared that he didn't have much to give.

"Some time I'll have to do something for you boys, that's sure," he had once said. But the boys soon forgot all about that. They weren't working for tips, anyway.

There came a day when Uncle Nat, after a short illness, slipped quietly out of this world; and the neighbors were really sorry, for he had been a pleasant old man. So quietly had he lived and so much by himself that they hardly missed him till he was seen no more in the little garden behind his house. After disposing of a few trinkets, his will directed that his place be sold at auction with all the things in it, and the proceeds be given to the Home for Aged Men, over in Sharon. Arthur and Charlie each received a small piece of furniture, but beyond that nothing.

"There's your silk hat legacy, anyway, Art," said Charlie; "don't forget that."

"No, I've put it away to remember uncle by," Charlie replied. "Perhaps some time it'll be useful. Anyway, I'm glad now I took it."

The time came sooner than Arthur expected. They were getting up some historical tableaux for the last day of school, and Arthur had been asked to represent Brother Jonathan in a patriotic scene that was to close the entertainment. He had his costume completed except for a hat, when he bethought him of Uncle Nat's ancient silk tile up attic. "The very thing!" he ejaculated, making a dash up the stairs, and then off he went for rehearsal.

What sport they had getting into their costumes! What shrieks of laughter resulted from the buttoning of lively modern boys into their great-grandfathers' togs! And when the girls appeared from Miss Bryant's room, they were just as interesting in their rustling silk dresses and with old-fashioned combs stuck in their powdered hair.

Charlie was to represent an American Indian. His features were quite hideous in war paint, and all the company had to be scalped several times with a wooden tomahawk while waiting behind the scenes for the audience to assemble. It was great fun.

Arthur had some trouble with his tall hat, which was too large for him and had a way of settling down about his ears.

"Stuff paper under the inside rim," suggested Charlie.

"There's some in here now," Arthur replied, starting to investigate. He pulled out a folded yellow strip and then another, and then another, and another, till twenty of them were in his hands. Unfolded and smoothed out, they proved to be twenty-dollar bills. Both boys gasped for breath as they gazed at the yellow backs. They had never handled and hardly ever seen so much money. And then the final tableau was announced. Arthur stuffed the money in his pocket and stumbled toward the stage.

"Art, do you suppose there was something like that in the old coat Uncle Nat tried to give me?" asked Charlie, in a hoarse whisper, when the boys could get together after the entertainment.

"I don't know," was the slow reply, "but now I think of it I remember the treasurer of the home in Sharon wrote father last week about the sale of Uncle Nat's house and he remarked in his letter that Mr. Trull had made them a money gift of \$400 also shortly before he died."

Charlie breathed hard and grew pale, even under his ruddy war paint.

"That was my money all right," he said; "or it would have been if I hadn't acted like a—like a chump."

"I believe you've guessed right, Chuck. I'm real sorry it worked out so. Uncle Nat was queer—wasn't he?"

Sunday School News.

THE Sunday schools of the Unitarian and Free Christian churches of the United Kingdom (Great Britain and Ireland) have contributed a motor ambulance to the British Red Cross Society which, since May 2, has been in active use in France.

Disciples School in Boston is known far and wide for its complete organization, its excellent course of instruction, its practical instruction in Social Service, and the fine spirit of religion which it fosters in its members. The church program shows that it enters its present year maintaining its high standards and ideals. Four times each year the school attends church services in a body. Its calendar of twelve special days includes four mid-week parties, which are annual events in this school.

The Unitarian Button.

A "RED, white, and blue" button for the children of our Unitarian Sunday schools is now ready. A white star at the center, on a blue field, represents the American Unitarian Association, the central organization of all our work. Its five points stand for the five points of our faith; the Fatherhood of God, the brotherhood of man, the leadership of Jesus, salvation by character, the progress of mankind onward and upward forever. Five red rays stand for the five Presidents of the United States who have been avowed Unitarians. A circle of twelve smaller stars stands for twelve ways in which our faith is given to the world.

Each button is attached to a card which explains its meaning. Ask your Sunday school superintendent about them. You may buy the buttons at small cost from some one in your school. How many of our children will wear this symbol of our faith?



PAGE FOR LITTLE READERS



The Friendly Dark.

BY VLYN JOHNSON.

THE dark is such a friendly dark!
It seems so soft and still and kind
I'm sure no child could ever mind
If he were left alone, like me,
With just the dark for company.

The dark and I are such good friends!
Of course I love the daytimes, too,
There's always such a lot to do,
And in the dark it's all "pretend,"
And starting things that never end!

The dark and I have other friends!
For that's the time Thought-Fairies
play,
Who hide from us when it is day.
The dark is such a friend, you see,
To them, just as it is to me!

When Margaret Couldn't Go Out.

BY SARA WARD STOCKWELL.

IT was the first snow-fall of the season. All the morning it had been snowing. Now it was piled, soft and white, over the roofs and roads. Burton and John put on their coats and caps and leggins and mittens, and went out, in the afternoon, to play. Little Margaret wanted to go out too, but she was just getting over a cold and had to stay in the warm living room with Big Sister.

Margaret felt very unhappy and cross. She climbed up in the window seat and looked out-doors at all the children playing in the snow. The children who lived next door and the children who lived across the street were out too. Burton and John were having such fun sliding down hill. The tears ran out Margaret's eyes and down her face. Faster and faster they came, until her face was all wet.

Big Sister was reading a book. She looked up and saw Margaret's face, all wet with tears.

"I'm sorry you can't go out," she said. "Don't you want to get your tea-set and have a tea party?"

"I don't want to have a tea party all by myself," answered Margaret, crossly.

Then Big Sister thought of something.

"Burton and John will be coming in pretty soon," she said, "and they will be hungry. How would you like to help me get a lunch ready for them, with plenty of good things to eat and candles, like a birthday party?"

"I would like to do that," said Margaret, beginning to smile.

"We will give Burton and John a pleasant surprise," said Big Sister. "First we'll make some sandwiches."

She brought bread and peanut butter from the pantry. She cut thin slices of bread and let Margaret spread them with butter and peanut butter. Big Sister cut the sandwiches in different shapes. Some were round (like this ●), some were square (like this ■), some were triangles (like this ▲), and some were crescent shaped, like the little, new moon (☾).



By Carl Peterson.

"Burton and John were having such fun sliding down hill."

Big Sister spread a white cloth on the table. She brought from the pantry some sponge cake, a big dish of cherries, and a pitcher of milk. She went into the pantry again and came out with a dish of marshmallows.

"Oh, where did you get them?" asked Margaret, with a delighted little squeal.

"From the pantry," laughed Big Sister. "The pantry is a wonderful place, isn't it? Good things seem to grow there."

Margaret had set the table with little dishes and paper napkins and silver spoons. Now everything was ready except the candles. Big Sister brought two large ones, and put them in candlesticks, one on each end of the table.

"We will light them, just to see how everything is going to look. Then we'll blow them out, and light them again when Burton and John are coming in."

When the candles were lighted, Margaret clapped her hands and laughed with delight.

"Oh, how pretty it is!" she cried. "Won't Burton and John be surprised and glad!"

"I think they will," said Big Sister, blowing out the candles. "Isn't it much nicer, Little Sister, to do something to make others happy than to

fret because we can't do something we want to do?"

"Yes," agreed Margaret, happily, "it is much nicer."

Kitty's Hiding-place.

THE Holland children—Janet, Arthur, Emily, and little Kitty—loved a rainy day, for then they were allowed to play in the great, roomy garret.

The children liked the game of hide-and-seek, for each time they played it they found some new place in which to hide.

The older children always hid four-year-old Kitty, who was so small that they could tuck her away in the snugest of places; she would stay "still as a mouse" and not let the "blinder" know where she was hidden.

"Where shall we hide Kitty this time?" asked Emily one day, as soon as Arthur, who was chosen blinder, had gone out.

"In the old trunk," said George.

"Oh, no," said Emily. "Arthur would look there the first thing."

"Then hide her in the cubby-hole behind the chimney," said Janet.

"Oh, wait, I have it!" cried Emily. "Here's a big empty bag hanging on a nail in this corner. We'll put Kitty into the bag and hang it back on the nail. Arthur never will think of looking for her in a bag."

As soon as the bag, with Kitty in it, was hung on the nail, the others hurried to their hiding-places and called out, "All ready!"

Arthur came in and began his search. After a while he found all the hidings except Kitty, but not a trace of her could he find.

"I don't believe that she's hidden in the garret at all," said Arthur, when he had looked twice in all the places where he thought that she might be hidden. "I'll have to give up and call, 'Home free!'"

Now the string to the bag was old, and not very stout; it had been gradually giving way. All at once it broke, and down tumbled bag and Kitty. How surprised Arthur was, and how the other children laughed and clapped their hands! Even Kitty laughed, although at first she was frightened by her fall.

Their mother came up to find what all the noise and laughter were about. When they told her she laughed, too, and said:

"Why, this must be a game of 'letting the kitty out of the bag!'"—Elizabeth Flint Wade, in *Youth's Companion*.



THE BEACON CLUB

OUR PURPOSE: Helpfulness.

OUR MOTTO: Let your light shine.

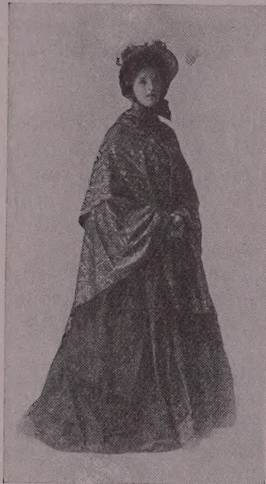
OUR BADGE: The Beacon Club Button.



Writing a letter for this corner makes you a member of the Beacon Club. Letters will be published so far as space permits; the most original and interesting will be chosen. The names of all whose letters do not appear will be printed in the lists. The Beacon Club button will be sent to each member when the letter is received. Write on one side of the paper. Address, The Beacon Club, 25 Beacon Street, Boston, Mass.

CROUCH HILL, LONDON N.,
4 Ella Road.

Dear Miss Buck,—I thought you might like to know



"Little Miss Matty."

that I had letters from three different girls after my letter was printed in *The Beacon*. My little cousin, a little Yorkshire girl, is staying with us, and to-day mother and she and I went to Westminster Abbey, and had a glorious time. When I go to the Abbey I always enjoy it and feel happy. We went into all the little lady chapels and saw the tombs of two wee babies, children of Edward III. These were in the chapel of St. Nicholas, the patron saint of children.

We then went into the Chapel of King Henry VII., in which there is some most beautiful carving. Along the sides run a double row of carved oak seats, the higher ones being for the knights and those below for their esquires. The lower seats folded back and when they were folded back you saw a little ledge attached to the underneath of the seat. These ledges were put there in the olden times by the abbots, for when the monks had a lot of standing to do in the service, they used to get tired and gradually slip down till they rested on the edge of the seat. So when these ledges were put there, if they sat too heavily on them they opened the seat, which banged down with a great noise and completely gave them away.

After the Abbey we went into St. James' Park and had lunch, which we had taken with us. A very friendly pigeon came to us and took food out of our fingers. He ended up by jumping onto the seat beside mother and nearly helping himself. The birds in the parks in town here are very tame, and in Hyde Park I have had sparrows perch on my hand while they ate the crumbs I gave them. After lunch we walked along Pall Mall, and down the Horse Guards Parade, where there is a recruiting station, and we saw a batch of recruits, who had joined that day, being played to the barracks. Then we walked up Whitehall where we met father and had tea with him. At Charing Cross we were just in time to see a wedding. The wedding party had twined smilax all round the top of the motor and put a huge bouquet of flowers on the luggage. As the bridegroom was getting into the car somebody took off his cap, for he was an officer, and put a handful of little silver horsehoes in it and put it on his head again. It was fun! We came home all the way in a bus from Trafalgar Square, and were glad to get back, for we were tired.

I shall be very glad to see *The Beacon* when it once more appears.

With all good wishes,

Yours sincerely,

JOYCE PEARSON.

Joyce writes that her father will call her "Little Miss Matty" and sends us her picture in a "Miss Matty" costume. How many of our readers can tell in what book this character may be found?

DORCHESTER, MASS.,
17 Spring Garden Street.

Dear Miss Buck,—I have of late taken an interest in the Beacon Club and would like to become a member. I go to the Channing Unitarian Sunday school and we all have many good times there. With this letter, I am sending you three of my one-verse poems.

Sincerely,
HELEN CALLAGHAN.
(Aged 14.)

Thank you, Helen, for sending us some of your verses. We have not space to publish them, but are glad to know that you are interested in poetry.

From the Editor to You.

Our great Book of Religion is the text-book for our Sunday schools. You are learning from it, the Editor hopes, Sunday by Sunday, how to keep your thoughts pure and true, how to shun evil and do good, how to model your life after the great Pattern Life of our Master.

Are you finding out, at the same time, how much you need to know the Bible if you would read our poets, our essayists, yes, even the daily papers, and know what they mean? Recently President Wilson quoted a passage from the book of Ezekiel about a watchman on a tower, saying he was in a place like that watchman. In one of his speeches Ex-President Roosevelt said, "Let Mr. Wilson ponder the parable of the talents and apply it to our several records in office on the trust question." Do you know either the watchman passage or the parable here mentioned?

In the report of a game of baseball in one of the great daily newspapers of a large city, the writer said, "In a contest between a veteran tried and true and a stripling in his opening game in a world's series contest, the Goliath of the National league sustained a defeat at the hands of the Red Sox David." Do you know the Bible story to which this refers? Wouldn't it be too bad if you could not understand the reports of the ball game because you had failed to learn your Sunday school lesson?

The Editor sees books advertised in the daily papers bearing titles taken from the Bible. Here are a few of them: "Vain Oblations," "A House of Mirth," "Red Pottage," "A Hind Let Loose." Do you know where in the Bible these words may be found?

In the Christmas number of the *Beacon* there will be found a prize offer, to boys only, based on the Bible references here made. Watch for it; and in order to be ready, why not begin to look up these passages now?

RECREATION CORNER.

ENIGMA XXI.

I am composed of 41 letters.
My 10, 18, 12, is a kitchen utensil.
My 16, 17, 18, 19, is a fuel.
My 20, 21, 22, 23, is found on every beach.
My 27, 28, 29, 30, is part of the body.
My 24, 25, 26, is a pronoun.
My 4, 5, 6, is a number.
My 1, 2, 3, is an article used for many things.
My 11 is an exclamation.
My 7, 8, 18, 15, is a domestic animal.
My 13, 14, 9, 20, 40, is a residence.
My 36, 35, 41, is used for rest.
My 31, 32, is an answer to a question.
My 34, 35, 33, is a wager.
My 37, 38, 39, is used for holding water.
My whole is a proverb.

JULIA PAULL.

ENIGMA XXII.

I am composed of 9 letters. My whole is a holiday.
My 7, 8, 6, is a rug.
My 4, 9, is a verb.
My 3, 8, 6, is an animal.
My 1, 8, 6, is an animal.
My 7, 8, 5, 6, is part of a ship.
My 7, 4, 9, 6, is a fog.
My 2, 8, 6, is something you wear.

ILONA L. LUSTIG.
(8 years.)

TWISTED VEGETABLES.

1. Puint.
2. Husaqs.
3. Nonio.
4. Rnapisp.
5. Ratorc.
6. Beacbag.
7. Yeeclr.

PAULINE DODGE.

ACROSTIC.

Fill the blanks in these sentences, then write the words which you have guessed one below the other and see what word the first letters will make.

1. Which . . . did she go?
2. They were . . . going to the party.
3. There was a lot of . . . all over the floor.
4. They did not get . . . until quite late.
5. She had not been . . . for a long while.
6. There was . . . for her to do but the dusting.
7. It was a . . . school, so their boy friends could not come.
8. He was a very . . . boy.
9. Please come . . . to-night and play cards.
10. Everything is real . . . now that mother has got home.

MILDRED LANMAN.

ANSWERS TO PUZZLES IN NO. 8.

ENIGMA XVII.—Judge not that ye be not judged, for with what judgment ye judge ye shall be judged.

ENIGMA XVIII.—Automobile.

CHARADE.—Justice.

CAT PUZZLE.—In fourteen days.

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